

Summer of '89

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Summary:

School's out and Summer finally rolled in. After ten months dealing with missing children, eviction, bullying; and to top it all off, a crush in the way? They all thought it would've stopped and Summer of '89 could be something Noelle can be excited for. Oh how she was wrong, and the Losers Club is the only one that agrees.

Richie Tozier x OC

1. Final Bell

Author's Note:

Disclaimer: I don't own IT , Stephen King and Andy Muchetti does. Anyway, onward.

A/N: I'm back! After what seemed like a decade, I'm back writing and writing about this partic-tac-ular fandom I suddenly got to immersed in. Not regretting anything though, but what's exciting is I have another already finished Fic to edit/revise over before I post, so my smol readers dont have to wait another decade for new content on here. Anyway, I'm going to be working on this and the mystery fic I'm posting soon, so stay tuned (I guess??) Anyway, hope y'all like this and enjoy! ♡♡

"Holy shit! Finally! I thought that bell would've never go off." Noelle says with a tired sigh, as she follows the iconic three out of the school; slightly shifting beside them as other kids shoved their way out of the doors. "I know right! It's like they made the clocks in every class to be a minute or two earlier than per usual." Eddie exclaims. Noelle smirked at Eddie's remark. His fidgeting figure made him panic at the thought of the small conspiracy. "What if time's just a lie?" Noelle counters, causing Eddie to gasp and stare off into the distance, over thinking about it all. Noelle just smirks and rolls her eyes as she can see the gears working in his 'laboratory'. "Damn right. Thought Mrs. Reeler would never shut up!" Richie yelled in annoyance. "Agreed. It seemed like she could go on for hours, talking about how 'the world is flat' just as an excuse to keep us in prison." Stan says, shaking his head in disbelief. The group finally made it out of school grounds, and outside of the west entrance. The hallways felt so long, even Stan talking about his Torah felt like forever. As they made it outside the first things the kids did was empty their backpacks from the now useless notebooks, papers, binders. They thought, school's out, and papers out. "Oh that's the best feeling in the world!" Eddie exclaimed, after emptying his backpack full of school supplies. "Oh yeah? Try tickling your pickle for the first time."

Richie said as everyone shuddered in disgust. This was one of the times Noelle wished she had Bev by her side; so she didn't have to feel so uncomfortable with this crap.

Shaking her head trying to forget, Noelle brought up the first question of the summer. "So what are you guys doing for summer?" "I start my training." Richie said confidently.

"What training?" Everyone looked confused. "What training?" Noelle asked curiously. "Street Fighter." Richie exclaimed like the group was suppose to know what he was talking about. "You would really waste your summer spent inside the arcade?" Eddie said in annoyance, clearly not wrapping his head around this. "Better than spending it inside your mom!" Richie confidently said as he held his hand to high-five Stan, only to be rejected of course.

"Woah, she's still waiting here?" Asked Noelle, her attention suddenly switched as the lingering lady at the school's entrance with the police. "Who?" Asked Richie.

"The mom of Betty Ripsom." Bill said, as the group peered over her direction. "Do you seriously expect to see her out of the school?" Eddie said. "I don't know. I've heard Betty's been hiding in home ec for the last few weeks." Stan said.

"Do you think they will find her?" Bill said with a sense of hope in his voice. "Yeah, probably. In a ditch. Decomposed, with worms and maggots!" Richie disbelievably claimed. Although they all knew it could be one thousand percent sure, their only hope resided in Bill. After Georgie went missing and supposedly got washed away in the sewers, the group only felt somewhat pity. Pity towards Bill that his hope is just another impossible coal he keeps swallowing. It was sad that everyone could see the false hope and denial, but they just couldn't break it to him.

"S-s-she's not d-dead Richie... S-s-she's m-m-missing." Bill corrected him, swallowing the everlasting lump in his throat. "Right. Sorry Bill, she's missing." Richie apologized, actually feeling sincere.

Suddenly, Bowers and his gang approach the Losers and shove both Stan and Eddie to the ground. Playing frisbee with Stan's kippah, mocking Eddie of his asthma from the blow and lifting Richie by the collar. As well as pushing Bill in the middle of Bowers and his other friends, making him get shoved endlessly. Noelle threw her we

backpack down and slapped Bowers across the face. He was stunned, as the rest were. Finally seeing Noelle snap like that surprised them. "Get away from us you asshole! Go blow someone else for a change!" She said helping Bill and Eddie up. Holding his red cheek he stomped over to Noelle. Getting real close. "You better watch your mouth sunshine. You're not the only big slut around here. Fucking whore." Bowers said. Noelle looked away in embarrassment and anger. Suddenly, Bowers took her jaw in his hands forcefully; making her look at him. "Don't forget what your are, darling. You're not getting away with this you tramp-whore." She clenched her jaw tightly as his words felt like stab wounds to her chest. He said with a fake caring and creepy tone as he gave one look down her shirt and let go to shove her to the ground.

"Sh-Sh-Sh Shut up Bowers!" Bill said as he walked away after speaking with Noelle. "Bill, don't-" Noelle tried to say but it only came as a whisper. Her pride and confidence shattered like glass after what Bowers called and said to her. Richie reaching to help her and Eddie and Stan inching towards Bill slowly. Murmuring his to keep his mouth shut before he gets a major ass whooping. Tears started to form in Noelle's eyes as Richie had his arms around her, hugging her while she was facing Bill from the side. She laid her head onto Richie's chest and felt his heart beat calm her down slowly as she watched Bill stand up for them. "D-D-D-Did you s-s-s-say s-something B-B-B-B-Billy?" Bowers mocked him as he turned around and stomped his way back to Bill. Bill, trying to look strong was shaking in fear. Although he saw Bowers' father (Officer Bowers) take off his glasses and looked at Henry; expecting him to behave. He clenched his fists and retraced his actions.

"You're lucky this year Denbrough because of your brother. And that has ended." He finally said as he licked his hand and smeared the gross saliva onto Billy's cheek. Billy gave out a large breath as he walked back to the group. "Y-Y-You guys o-okay?" Bill asked them. Stan and Eddie nodded silently as Richie followed. He looked down at Noelle in his arms as the rest of the boys darted their attention to them. "Are you okay Noelle?" Stan asked. Taking a deep breath, she nodded silently as she gave Richie the signal that she was okay. Giving him a small warm smile, she gave him one embrace then detached from his grasp. Everyone knew Richie had the largest crush

on Noelle, ever since he met her. It was odd that she never knew, and only Bev knew about Noelle's crush on Richie too. It always boggled the group that they were completely oblivious to each other; despite the fact that they always shamelessly flirt and be assholes to each other at times. It just puzzled them. They were planning to break the news to them sooner, but it was amusing to see Richie become all flustered about her or change and become more caring for her than he would ever be. Or to Bev, hearing Noelle's nonstop rants on why Richie is a idiot, but leading it to a paradox and getting all blushy and melt thinking about him. They all thought, why not have a little fun of their own for a change? Straightening her shirt, the Losers proceeded off of school grounds as quickly as possible.

2. Walk Home

Summary for the Chapter:

Richie and Noelle walk alone together; he's dropping her off back home before meeting for the sewers with the rest of the boys.

Notes for the Chapter:

Disclaimer: I don't own IT (2017)

A/N: Sorry for the slow updates! Been trying to find the motivation and time to write, as well as a better and more accurate script to go by. But I can't promise another update sooner. It's been less frequent that I actually get to sit down and write anything for that matter. But just soak this one up and enjoy.

As Noelle gave their goodbye's to Bill, Stan and Eddie, she headed her way down the street. Crossing a four way intersection and into the quiet and almost deaf sounding part of her neighbourhood where she lived. The sounds of echoing footsteps became louder behind her, as she turned around only to see a certain Trash-mouthed Tozier running towards her. She smiled as he ran to her; his glasses bouncing on his nose and his obvious loss of breath. He stopped in front of her with his hands on his knees and panting. "Fuck, I wanted to scare you." He says in between breaths. "Well, keep working on that Trashmouth, because I don't scare easily." Noelle said pinching up Richie's glasses up his face. He smiled as he followed beside her heading towards her home.

"So, first day of summer, what are you going to do?" He asked. Trying to forget the incident with Bowers a while ago. "Aren't we going to the sewers like Bill said?" Noelle shook her head. "No, you dingus, after the sewer party." Richie said as he playfully shoves her. She laughs as she returned the shove back. "I don't know. I'll probably be home alone often because my aunt and uncle is leaving for a business trip today." Noelle said tiredly. She lives with her aunt

and uncle most of the time here in Derry. Her actual parents are in Springwood, Ohio. Her parents never gave her a clear cut explanation why she had to move to Derry without them, but she figured it was some financial thing. Of course she kept in contact with them, calling them almost every weekend. She didn't mind her aunt and uncle however, she was just disappointed that they weren't there as much as her parents were.

"Well hey, if you are home alone today, we can have a sleepover." Richie suggested. The two lived in the same neighbourhood, and sleep overs were a common occurrence with these two. "Okay them. A good start to the summer. Ooh! And bring those double lollies that you have hiding in a big stash in your kitchen cabinet." She told him excitedly. They've been to each others' houses too frequently that they memorize almost the whole lot like the back of each others' hands. "Oh, definitely. We can't forget those." Richie and Noelle gave each other a high-five.

"It's so good! I love them!" She exclaimed as they reached Noelle's front lawn. "That's what she said!" Richie yelled as he held another high-five but only to be laughed at and rejected by Noelle as she unlocked her front door. "Don't forget to meet at Eddie's for the sewer party!" She said as she waved at Richie and closed the door. Locking it, she threw her empty back and slid down the door. The first night of summer and a sleep over with Richie? Noelle's heart fluttered.

Author's Note:

Don't forget to drop kudos and comments! ♡♡